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**15**  
NOV

DIGITAL  
EDITION

# SPAWN



MYRIANE  
019



# ***image***

COMICS PRESENTS:

# "MYTHS"

PART 2



story & art

**TODD McFARLANE**

editor & letters

**TOM ORZECOWSKI**

color

**STEVE OLIFF**

and **OLYOPTICS**

Dedicated to:  
**MARTIN NODELL**

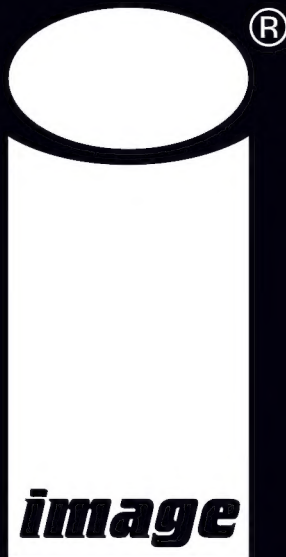
FOR IMAGE COMICS

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Director Of Creative Development: TERRY FITZGERALD.

Graphics Coordinator: JULIA SIMMONS.



**B**ANISHED BY THE DEVIL TO A LIFE ON EARTH IN HUMAN FORM, **THE VIOLATOR** IS AT A LOSS FOR WHAT TO DO NEXT. FACED WITH UNACCUSTOMED SILENCE FROM DOWN BELOW, HE'S BIDDING HIS TIME UNTIL HE CAN FIGURE A WAY TO GET BACK HIS LOST POWERS.

NORMALLY A MISSHAPEN EMBODIMENT OF HORROR--WITH PROTRUDING HORNS AND TALONS-- HE IS NOW STUCK IN A THREE-FOOT-TEN-INCCH BODY, LOOKING LIKE A MINIATURE SUMO WRESTLER GONE TO SEED... **BAD SEED**. HE IS THE VICTIM OF HIS OWN FAILURE TO FULFILL HIS MASTER'S WISHES. \*

ON HIS LAST MISSION, THE VIOLATOR'S ORDERS WERE TO PROVOKE THE NEWLY-ARRIVED **SPAWN** TO EXPERIMENT WITH ITS POWERS. INSTEAD OF STAGING A DIRECT ATTACK, THE VIOLATOR DECIDED TO DRAW THE **SPAWN** OUT BY GOING ON A KILLING SPREE. BY DISMEMBERING SOME OF NEW YORK'S **TOP MAFIA DONS**, THE VIOLATOR HOPED TO ATTRACT THE MOB AND THE POLICE INTO A TWO-PRONGED ATTACK AGAINST **SPAWN**, THE NEW, POWERFUL, COSTUMED PLAYER IN THE AREA.

INSTEAD, THE VIOLATOR ONLY COMPLICATED MATTERS. AFTER ALL, THERE WAS NOTHING TO LINK **SPAWN** WITH THE WEIRDLY BRUTAL KILLINGS. IN FACT, THAT SENSELESS ASSAULT CAUSED THE CRIME CARTEL TO BECOME CAUTIOUS FOR A WHILE. CRIME ACTUALLY WENT **DOWN** A FEW PERCENTAGE POINTS. FROM THE DEVIL'S POINT OF VIEW, THIS WAS **UNACCEPTABLE**. FOR HELL TO PROSPER, EVIL MUST GAIN NEW GROUND, AND THE VIOLATOR WAS TO BLAME FOR THIS SORRY STATE OF DECLINE. AS A PUNISHMENT, THE VIOLATOR HAS LOST ACCESS TO HIS MONSTROUS, MORE POWERFUL FORM.

OUR ROTUND VIOLATOR, THE WORLD-CLASS IDIOT, SIMPLY **DIDN'T GET IT**. FIGURING THAT HE'S MERELY BEEN **REPLACED** BY THE NEW **HELLSPAWN**, HE DECIDED TO TAKE A REASONED APPROACH AND BUILD SOME SUPPORT AT THE GRASS ROOTS. IF HE CAN IMPRESS THE YOUNG WITH HIS MAGNIFICENT SKILLS AND DEVIL-MAY-CARE PHILOSOPHY, HIS MASTER MAY LOOK KINDLY UPON THE EVENTUAL, DISEASED RESULTS OF HIS INFLUENCE.

**CLINT, MARK AND SPAZ**, THREE CITIZENS OF THE STREETS, HAVE BEEN DRAFTED AS OBSERVERS FOR HIS **ONE-MAN BATTLE OF WITS**.

HE'S BEEN TELLING THEM OF A CAMPAIGN AGAINST **ANOTHER SPAWN**, FOUGHT NEARLY **800 YEARS AGO**. THIS TALE, WE ARE QUICK TO POINT OUT, INVOLVES TWO VICTIMS: THE **SPAWN**, AND THE **FACTS**.

THE VIOLATOR  
CLEARS HIS THROAT,  
SPITS IMPRESSIVELY,  
AND CONTINUES...

**YOU** HEARD ME!!

I COMPLETELY  
FLAME-BROILED  
THE LITTLE  
**BOOGER!**



Ahhh...

SO NOW  
YOU'RE A  
**FIRE-BREATHER**  
AS WELL AS AN  
800-YEAR-OLD  
FIGHTING  
**STUD.**

**EXACTLY!**

AND  
FORTUNATELY  
FOR YOU BOYS,  
THERE'S **MORE**  
TO MY TALE OF  
BRAVERY!

AS  
I WAS **SAYING**,  
SINCE THE DAYLIGHT  
WAS GONE, I NEEDED  
TO **POKE AROUND** TO  
MAKE SURE THAT  
MY FOE WAS...  
IN ACTUALITY...  
**DEAD.**

**I** SCoured THE  
CHARRED REMAINS  
FOR VERIFICATION.  
THE SPAWN-WIZARD  
WAS A VERY CRAFTY  
INDIVIDUAL, SO I  
DIDN'T WANT TO MAKE  
ANY MISTAKES.

**T**HE BOSS  
USUALLY  
LIKED PROOF.  
HE'S ALWAYS  
BEEN PICKY  
LIKE THAT.

**S**INCE I COULDN'T FIND ANY OF  
THE SPAWN'S REMAINS, MY  
PROOF WOULD HAVE TO BE  
FOUND ELSEWHERE.

YOUR  
BOYFRIEND  
IS **FINISHED**,  
DEAR MAIDEN.

I HOPE  
YOU DON'T  
MIND IF I  
ASK YOU TO  
**JOIN HIM.**



**I**F I BROUGHT THE BOSS THE HEAD OF SPAWN'S WICKED MOTHER, THAT WOULD BE MY EVIDENCE. ONLY IF THE SPAWN WERE TRULY DEAD WOULD I HAVE BEEN ALLOWED TO DECAPITATE THE WITCH HERSELF.

please...

YOUR GOD IS MY ENEMY.

SO BEG ALL YOU WANT.

I HOPE HE'S LISTENING.

**B**ECAUSE OF ALL THE PAIN SHE AND HER OFFSPRING HAD BROUGHT TO THE NEIGHBORING LANDS, I WANTED TO MAKE SURE THAT SHE DIED SLOWLY. I WANTED HER TO SUFFER LIKE ALL THOSE INNOCENT VICTIMS HER SON TORTURED.

**S**O I BEGAN TO CUT HER. SLOWLY.

EEEEEE


**I** REJOICED AT EVERY SCREAM, SAVORING THE MOMENT. I COULD ALMOST TASTE VICTORY.

...for the love of God...

...I BEG you!

**B**UT SOMETHING WAS WRONG. I COULDN'T QUITE PUT MY FINGER ON IT, BUT THIS WAS ALL GOING DOWN FAR TOO EASILY.





THEN I HEARD  
HIS VOICE.

HIS HORRIFIC FORM  
STOOD DIRECTLY  
BEHIND ME. OBVIOUSLY,  
I HAD BURNED ONLY  
HIS *ARMOR*, NOT HIS  
FLESH. LIKE I SAID,  
HE WAS A *TRICKY*  
SON-OF-A-GUN.

THIS  
FINGER IS  
BUT THE FIRST  
OF MANY PIECES  
I SHALL CUT  
FROM YOUR  
SATANIC  
BODY.

HOW  
**DARE** YOU  
TOUCH MY  
MAIDEN?

HOW **DARE** YOU  
USE HER TO GET  
AT ME. I'D HAVE THOUGHT  
THE CREATURES OF HELL  
HAD MORE COURAGE  
THAN TO HIDE BEHIND  
DEFENSELESS WOMEN.

HAS YOUR  
CREATOR  
BECOME SUCH A  
**COWARD?**

TELEPORTING  
OUT OF HIS  
BATTLE GEAR  
WAS PRETTY  
*SLICK*.





HE'S  
**YOUR**  
CREATOR,  
TOO!

MY PRINCE--  
YOUR **BODY**--!  
WHAT HAS  
HAPPENED  
TO YOU?!

**A**LREADY WEARY FROM OUR INITIAL STRUGGLE, I DIDN'T KNOW HOW MUCH LONGER I COULD LAST. I'M STILL AMAZED AT HOW LONG I ENDURED THE TWO-SIDED ATTACK FROM THE SPAWN-WIZARD AND HIS MOTHER.


**I** COULDN'T FAIL THEM, THE GOOD PEOPLE WHO PUT THEIR FAITH IN ME.

MY LADY IS BUT A CHILD, AN ARTISTIC SOUL. HER HANDIWORKS ARE THINGS OF JOY...

...OF  
**BEAUTY.**

**B**LOW AFTER BLOW I WITHSTOOD, YET SOMEHOW I KNEW I WOULD OVERCOME. THE PEOPLE OF THAT LAND NEEDED ME.





TOMORROW  
SHE MAY PAINT OF  
MY VICTORY, OF  
HOW THE DEVIL WAS  
THWARTED IN HIS  
CHALLENGE TO MY  
SKILLS.

TELL YOUR  
MASTER THAT I  
WILL NEVER BE  
HIS PUPPET. NOT  
NOW... NOT  
**EVER!!**

**O**UR EPIC  
BATTLE CONTINUED.  
WITH MY SUPERIOR  
SKILLS, I WAS QUICKLY  
ABLE TO OVERCOME  
THE WITCH. AS PANIC  
TOOK HOLD, HER SPELLS  
BECAME INCREASINGLY  
LESS EFFECTIVE. I WAS  
NOW FREE TO CONCENTRATE  
EXCLUSIVELY  
ON HER SON.





**P**ROBABLY MORE TIMES THAN EITHER COULD REMEMBER. EVEN MURDER CAN BECOME TEDIOUS, I SUPPOSE.

**W**ELL, IT WAS HIGH TIME SOMEONE TURNED THE TABLES ON THOSE TWO...

**H**ER COAL-BLACK EYES WITNESSED EVERY MEASURE OF HARM I INFLICTED UPON HER BOY. IT WARMED MY HEART.

**H**OW MANY TIMES HAD THEY CACKLED SADISTICALLY WHILE STRIPPING THE FLESH FROM A CRYING BABY. I ASKED MYSELF.

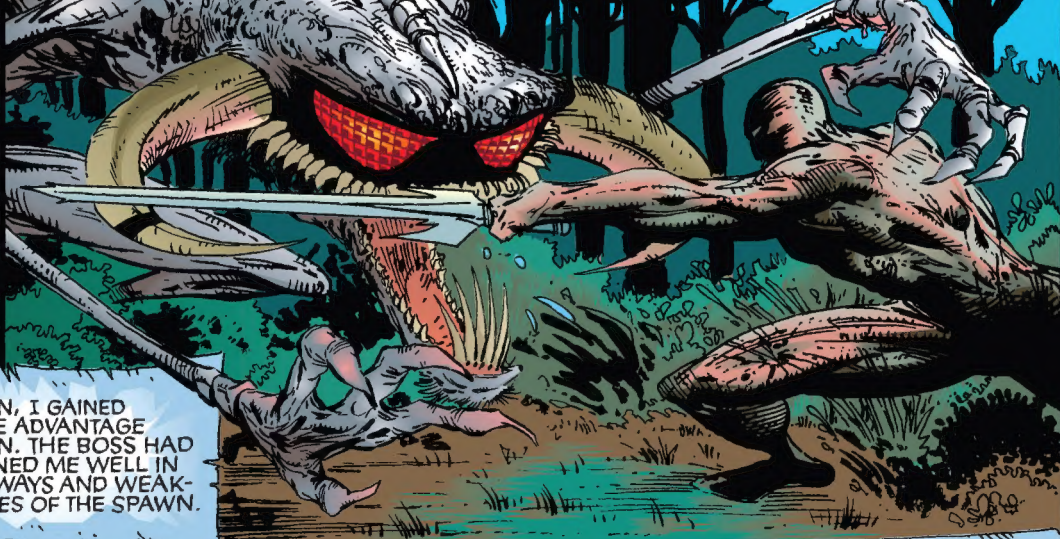


...SHOWING THEM FOR THE MONSTERS THEY WERE.



MY PRINCE...  
WHAT HAVE YOU  
BECOME?



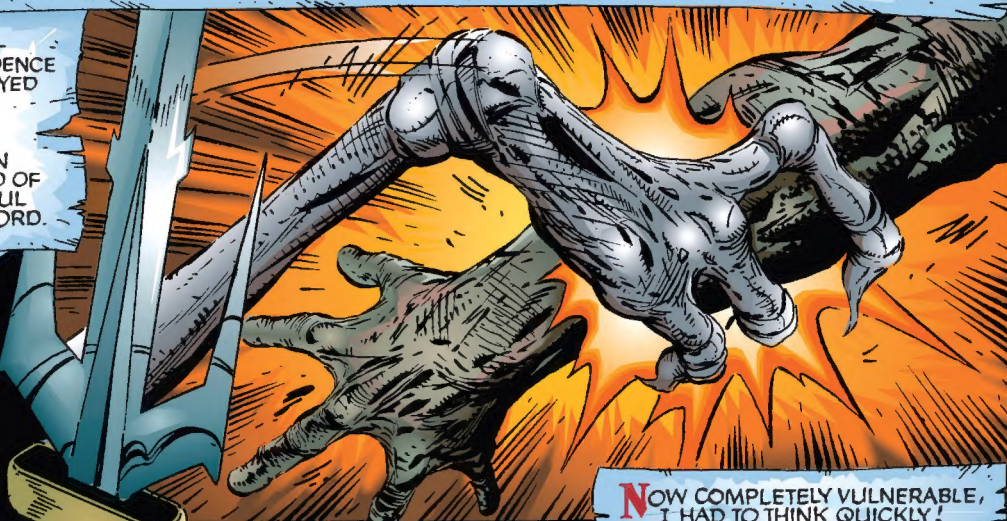


**S**OON, I GAINED THE ADVANTAGE AGAIN. THE BOSS HAD TRAINED ME WELL IN THE WAYS AND WEAKNESSES OF THE SPAWN.

**F**OR INSTANCE, WHEN FACED WITH AN OVERWHELMING THREAT, A SEASONED SPAWN WILL INSTINCTIVELY RELY ON HIS PHYSICAL SKILLS. ONLY RARELY WILL HE FEEL AT RISK ENOUGH TO DRAIN ANY OF HIS ENERGY IN RESPONSE. THESE SPAWN-WIZARDS ARE AS SKILLED AT HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT AS ANY MAN OR CREATURE THAT MAY CHALLENGE THEM. SENSING A SLIGHT IMPERFECTION IN MY PLAN OF ATTACK, HE FEINTED, THEN STRUCK.

**M**Y OVER-CONFIDENCE HAD BETRAYED ME.

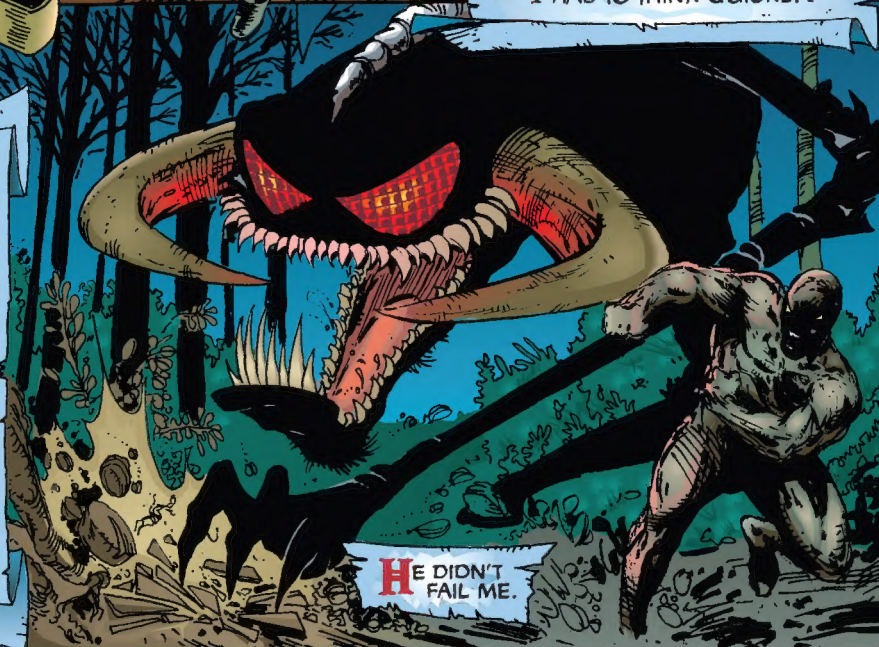
**I** HAD BEEN RELIEVED OF MY FAITHFUL BROADSWORD.



**N**OW COMPLETELY VULNERABLE, I HAD TO THINK QUICKLY!


**B**REATHING FIRE AT HIM WAS THE ONLY TYPE OF ATTACK I HADN'T TRIED YET. ON CAREFUL CONSIDERATION, I DECIDED NOT TO USE THAT ACE UP MY SLEEVE... YET. THE WIZARD HAD TO BE CLOSER FOR MY FLAMES TO BE EFFECTIVE.

**I** HAD TO WAIT FOR HIM TO COME IN NICE AND TIGHT AND ATTEMPT HIS KILLING BLOW BEFORE MY LAST GALLANT ATTEMPT AT VICTORY WAS PUT TO THE TEST.



**H**E DIDN'T FAIL ME.





**W**ITH LIGHTNING SPEED, I  
POUNCED ON HIM. THOUGH  
HE WAS MUCH LARGER THAN  
I, MY GRIT AND DETERMINA-  
TION WERE CLEARLY TRAITS  
NEW TO HIS EXPERIENCE.

I SWEAR  
BY WHAT LIFE  
REMAINS THAT  
**YOU SHALL PAY**  
FOR THE LIVES  
OF THESE  
VILLAGERS!

WHAT KIND  
OF MONSTER  
WOULD EAT THE  
HEARTS OF  
**CHILDREN**  
?!!



A VERY HUNGRY DESERVING ONE.

THOUGH I MUST CONFESS, I DO PREFER THE HEARTS OF GROWN HUMANS. THEY'RE FAR MEATIER, WITH LOTS AND LOTS OF FLAVOR.

A CHILD'S ORGANS AREN'T NEARLY AS RIPE!

DAMN YOUR SOUL!

Ah, DEAR BOY, YOU'RE FAR TOO LATE FOR THAT.

I SERVE THE MASTER AND THE DARKNESS. HE WISHED TO SEE IF YOU WERE WORTHY OF A PLACE IN HIS ARMY... WANTED TO KNOW IF YOU COULD BE A LEADER.

IT'LL BE MY PLEASURE TO TELL HIM THAT I, A NATIVE OF HELL, AM FAR BETTER QUALIFIED THAN SOME EARTHBORN BEGINNER!

FASCH

THEN, MY MOMENT OF TRUTH. IT WAS NOW OR NEVER!



FRENCH-FRIED HIM AGAIN,  
MAKING SURE I STRUCK  
FLESH, NOT ARMOR,  
THIS TIME.



DIRECT HIT!

IT'S OVER,  
HELLSPAWN!  
YOU'VE  
**LOST!**

Uh?

WHAT TRICKERY  
IS **THIS?!**

NOW, THIS MYSTICAL  
SWORD I'VE CREATED  
DRAINS EVEN MORE.  
THOUGH IT SHALL  
SERVE A VERY WORTHY  
CAUSE...

HIS  
C-CAPE AND  
CHAINS...  
**THEY'RE  
ALIVE!**

AND SO  
AM I, DEAR  
LOVE. THE EVIL  
POWER THAT CREATED  
ME DIDN'T WARN THIS  
ENEMY TO THE  
EXTENT OF MY  
MAGIC.

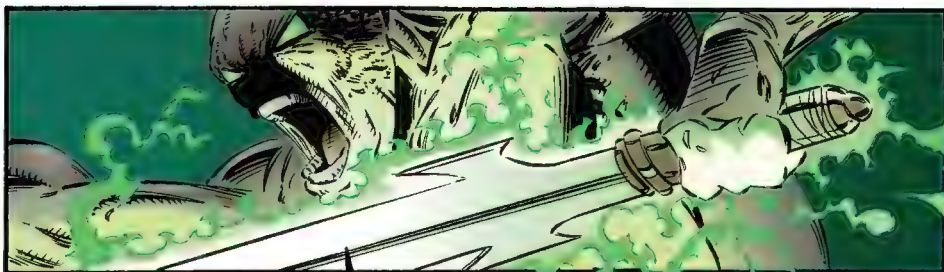
HOW CARELESSLY  
HE FORGOT MY  
COSTUME. NOW IT  
BINDS HIM INTO  
SUBMISSION.

PREPARE  
YOURSELF,  
DEMON. YOU  
ARE ABOUT  
TO **DIE.**

IT WAS A  
SIMPLE TASK TO  
PROTECT MYSELF FROM  
YOUR FLAMES, THOUGH  
IT WASTED PRECIOUS  
ENERGY.

**I**T WAS FINALLY  
OVER. ONLY  
THING LEFT TO DO  
WAS COLLECT  
MY PRIZED  
TROPHY FOR  
THE BOSS.





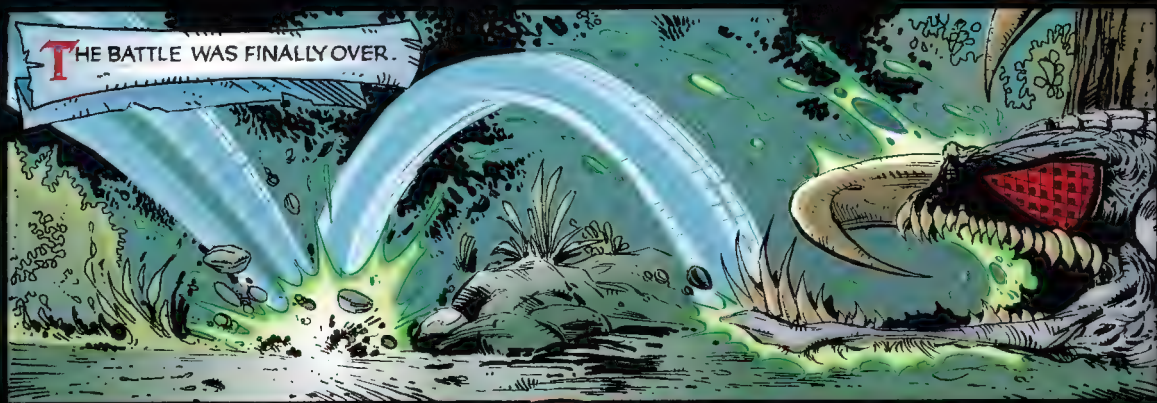
**HIS HEAD!**

...TO  
SEND YOU BACK  
TO

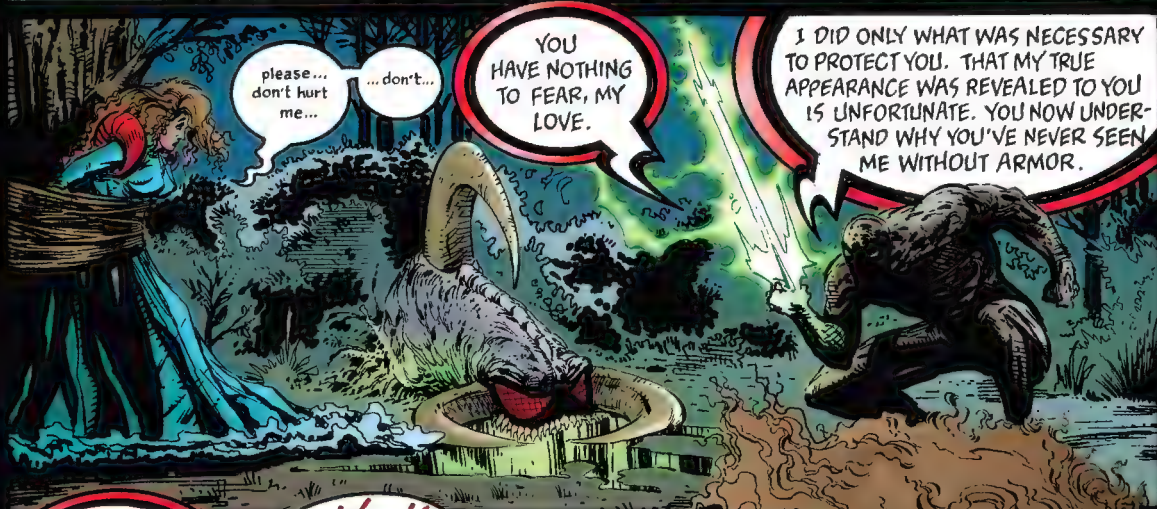
**HELL!**







THE BATTLE WAS FINALLY OVER.



please...  
don't hurt  
me...

... don't...

YOU  
HAVE NOTHING  
TO FEAR, MY  
LOVE.

I DID ONLY WHAT WAS NECESSARY  
TO PROTECT YOU. THAT MY TRUE  
APPEARANCE WAS REVEALED TO YOU  
IS UNFORTUNATE. YOU NOW UNDER-  
STAND WHY YOU'VE NEVER SEEN  
ME WITHOUT ARMOR.



I NEEDED  
YOU TO WANT ME  
FOR MYSELF. I'M  
TRULY SORRY IF  
I'VE HURT YOU  
IN ANY WAY.

I SWEAR  
I MEANT YOU  
NO HARM.

**STAY AWAY!**  
PLEASE LEAVE  
ME ALONE,  
MONSTER!

**HELP!!**  
PLEASE--  
SOMEBODY  
HELP!!

DON'T  
DO THIS  
TO ME.

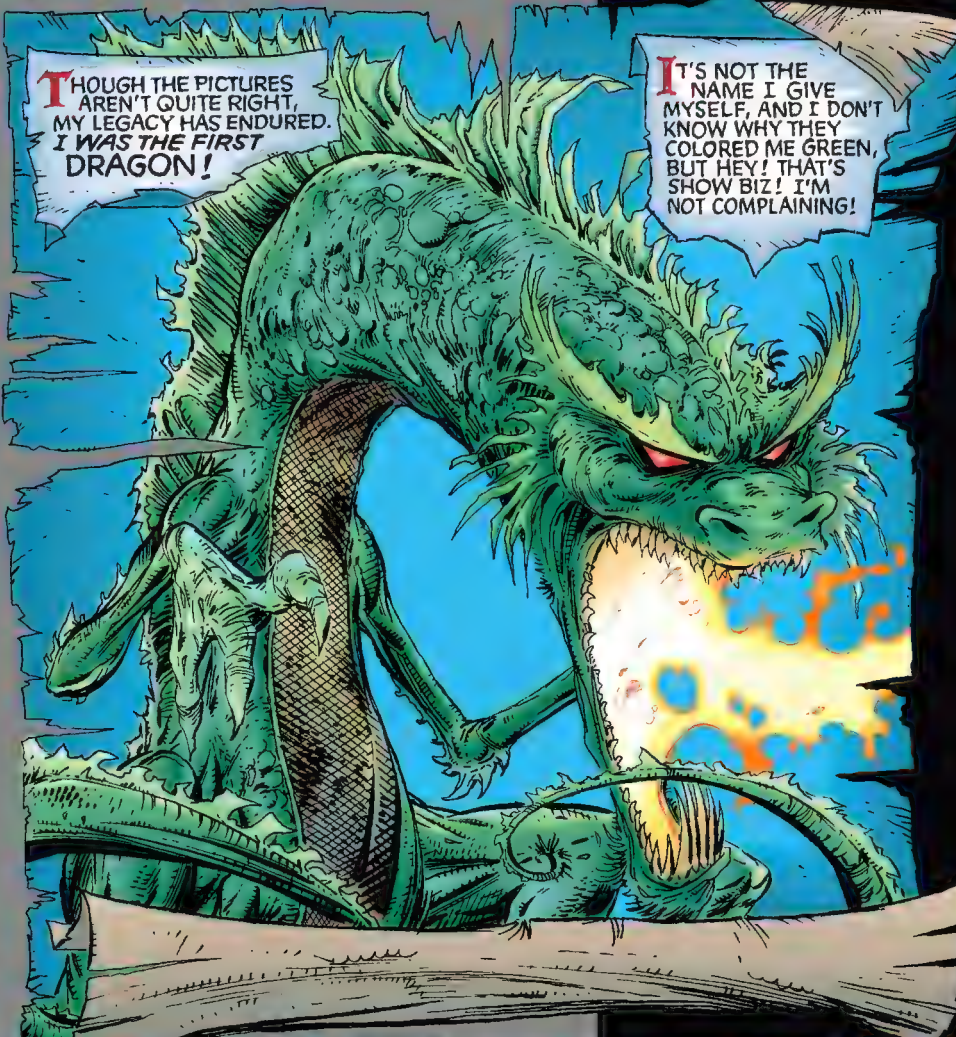
SOMEHOW, THE EVIL  
WITCH ESCAPED  
INTO THE NIGHT...  
AND EVEN THAT  
WORKED TO MY AD-  
VANTAGE. SHE WAS  
NEVER QUITE THE  
SAME AFTER THAT  
FIGHT, REPEATING THE  
STORY OVER AND OVER.





I BEG YOU.

SO MY LEGEND WAS BORN. THE WITCH'S WITLESS RETELLINGS BECAME MORE ERRATIC AS SHE WANDERED, VILLAGE TO HAMLET. OVER THE GENERATIONS, OTHER STORYTELLERS RENDERED THE STORY WITH WIMSY AND MAGNIFICENCE. YOU WANT PROOF? IT'S AS CLOSE AS YOUR NEAREST LIBRARY.



THOUGH THE PICTURES AREN'T QUITE RIGHT, MY LEGACY HAS ENDURED. I WAS THE FIRST DRAGON!

IT'S NOT THE NAME I GIVE MYSELF, AND I DON'T KNOW WHY THEY COLORED ME GREEN, BUT HEY! THAT'S SHOW BIZ! I'M NOT COMPLAINING!

AS FOR MY BOSS, WELL, SUFFICE IT TO SAY HE WAS PLEASSED WITH MY WORK.

EXCELLENT, dear child!

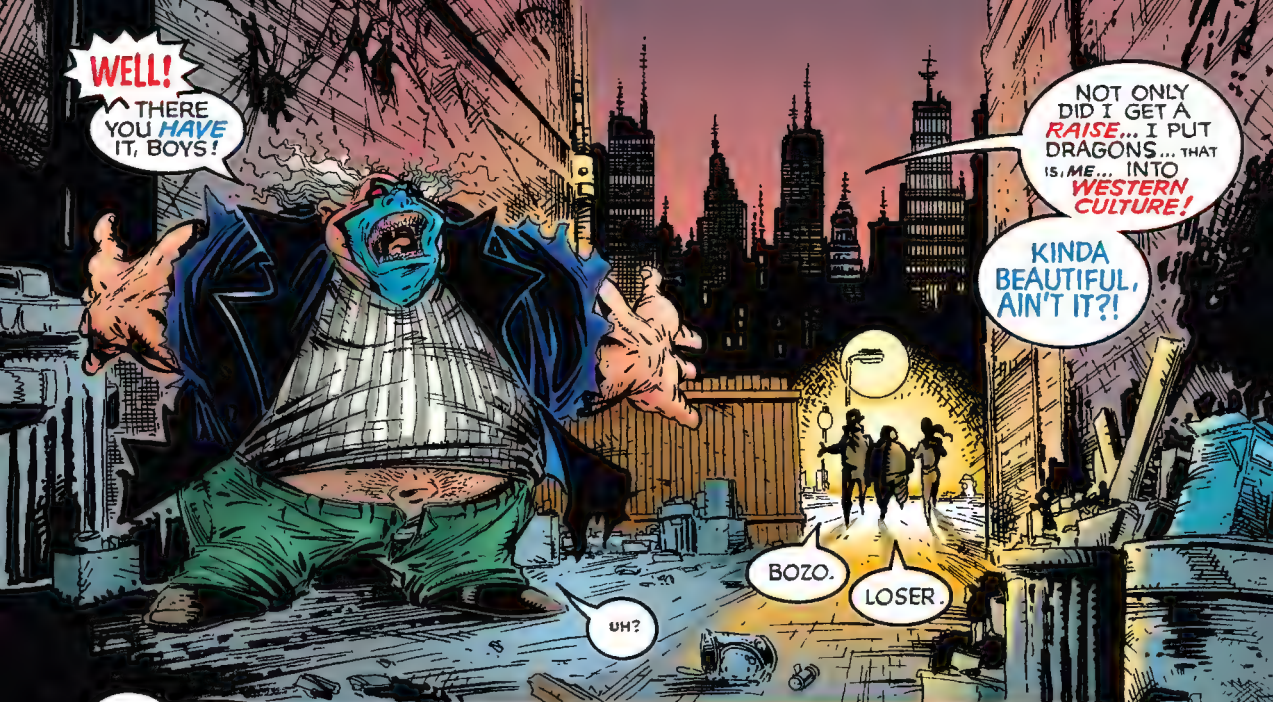
You have done a most admirable job. Not only did you prove that my new Spawn has the potential to become a fine officer, you also managed to destroy the only thing he held dear:

...another's love for him.



I now make you whole again. You've served me well.





WELL!

THERE YOU HAVE IT, BOYS!

NOT ONLY DID I GET A **RAISE**... I PUT DRAGONS... THAT IS, ME... INTO **WESTERN CULTURE!**

KINDA BEAUTIFUL, AIN'T IT?!

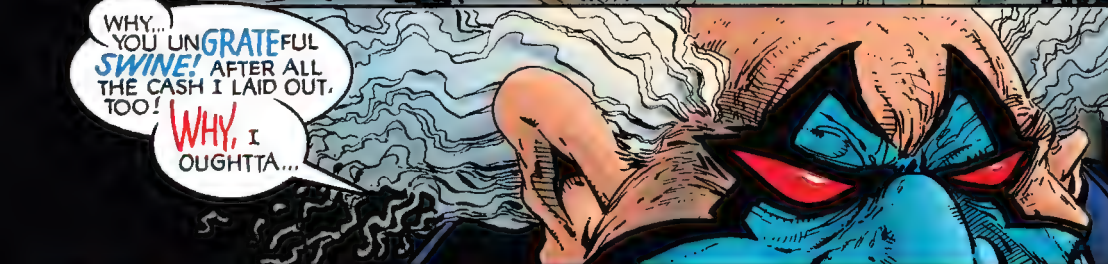
UH?

BOZO.

LOSER.

WHY... YOU **UNGRATEFUL SWINE!** AFTER ALL THE CASH I LAID OUT, TOO!

**WHY,** I OUGHTTA...



UMPF!

THAT'S IT, NO MORE MISTER **NICE** GUY!!

WHEN I GET FINISHED WITH THOSE LITTLE **RUG RATS**, THEY'LL WISH...



? WHAT'S **THIS?!**

"POLICE STILL HAVE NO LEADS IN THE MYSTERIOUS DEATHS OF NEW YORK'S CRIME LORDS. THE VICTIMS WERE BRUTALLY MURDERED IN THEIR OFFICES. ONE LINE OF INVESTIGATION IS DIRECTED TOWARD A RENEGADE YOUNGBLOOD-TYPE OR SHADOWHAWK-INSPIRED WACKO."

"EVEN ALLEGED CRIMINAL KINGPIN **VITO GRAVANO** HAD SENT FOR PROTECTION IN THE FORM OF THE ITALIAN BODYGUARD **OVERT-KILL**. VITO ANGRILY LAYS BLAME AT THE FEET OF 'THOSE COSTUMED DO-GOODERS.'"

**WHAT?**

IT'S TIME I PAID MR. VITO A LITTLE **VISIT**. AIN'T **NO** WAY SOMEONE ELSE GETS CREDIT FOR **MY** KILLS!



"ESPECIALLY NOT THAT PUNK, SPAWN."\*

THOUGH IT IS NO LONGER AS NECESSARY AS IT HAD BEEN, **AL SIMMONS**, STRICTLY BY HABIT, RESTS DAILY. HIS NEW CIRCUMSTANCE, AS AN AGENT OF EVIL FROM DEEP IN THE BOWELS OF SOME NETHERWORLD, HASN'T ERASED HIS HUMANISTIC SELF-IMAGE.

HABITS--ROUTINES--IN THESE NEW TIMES, THEY ARE HIS ONLY SOURCE FOR TRANQUILITY...

... IF YOU WILL, FOR ESCAPE.

HEY, BUD!

HOW MANY TIMES I GOTTA TELL YOU CREEPS TO STAY AWAY FROM THE BACK DOOR!

SLEEP.

YA HEAR ME?!

I'M GETTING FRIGGIN' TIRED OF YOU TRYING TO STEAL THE FOOD SCRAPS FROM MR. NUNOZ'S RESTAURANT. THOUGHT I MADE MYSELF CLEAR LAST TIME.

YOU MUST BE THE DEAF ONE OF THE BUNCH!

URRK

OKAY!

OKAY!

TAKE IT EASY. NO SENSE GETTING IN SUCH A BIG HUFF. I'LL BE OUT OF YOUR WAY IN A MINUTE.

DIDN'T KNOW SOMEONE COULD TAKE SUCH PRIDE IN PROTECTING SCRAPS OF LEFT-OVER LIVER.

\*FOR DETAILS OF THE VIOLATOR'S VISIT TO VITO GRAVANO'S OFFICE, SEE THE VIOLATOR'S OWN MINI-SERIES, COMING IN 1994. —Tom





Oh -- A  
SMART  
ASS, eh?

I DON'T NEED  
NO GRIEF FROM  
SOME TWO-BIT  
DRUNK LOSER!

GET ME?!

Guh!

AS IT HAPPENS, AL WAS GETTING  
UP TO LEAVE WHEN THE MUSCLE-  
BOUND STIFF CHALLENGED HIM.  
YEARS AGO, AL'S MILITARY TRAINING  
TAUGHT HIM THAT NOT EVERY  
CONFRONTATION LEADS TO BATTLE...  
THAT THERE ARE TIMES WHEN A  
PEACEFUL RETREAT IS GOOD  
STRATEGY.

AS HIS MISSIONS BECAME MORE  
AND MORE SECRETIVE, AL DEVELOPED  
A REPERTOIRE OF SUBTLE REACTIONS.

THAT NEED HAS NEVER BEEN  
GREATER: HIS TOTAL ENERGY IS  
LIMITED. AL, A.K.A. SPAWN,  
NEEDS TO KEEP HIS PHYSICAL  
CONFLICTS TO A MINIMUM.

IT TOOK LT. COLONEL AL SIMMONS A  
LONG TIME TO GRASP THAT NOTION. HIS  
INSTINCTS TOLD HIM THAT EVERY SITU-  
ATION HAD TO BE SETTLED RIGHT THERE,  
ON THE SPOT. FORTUNATELY, HE  
LEARNED BETTER.

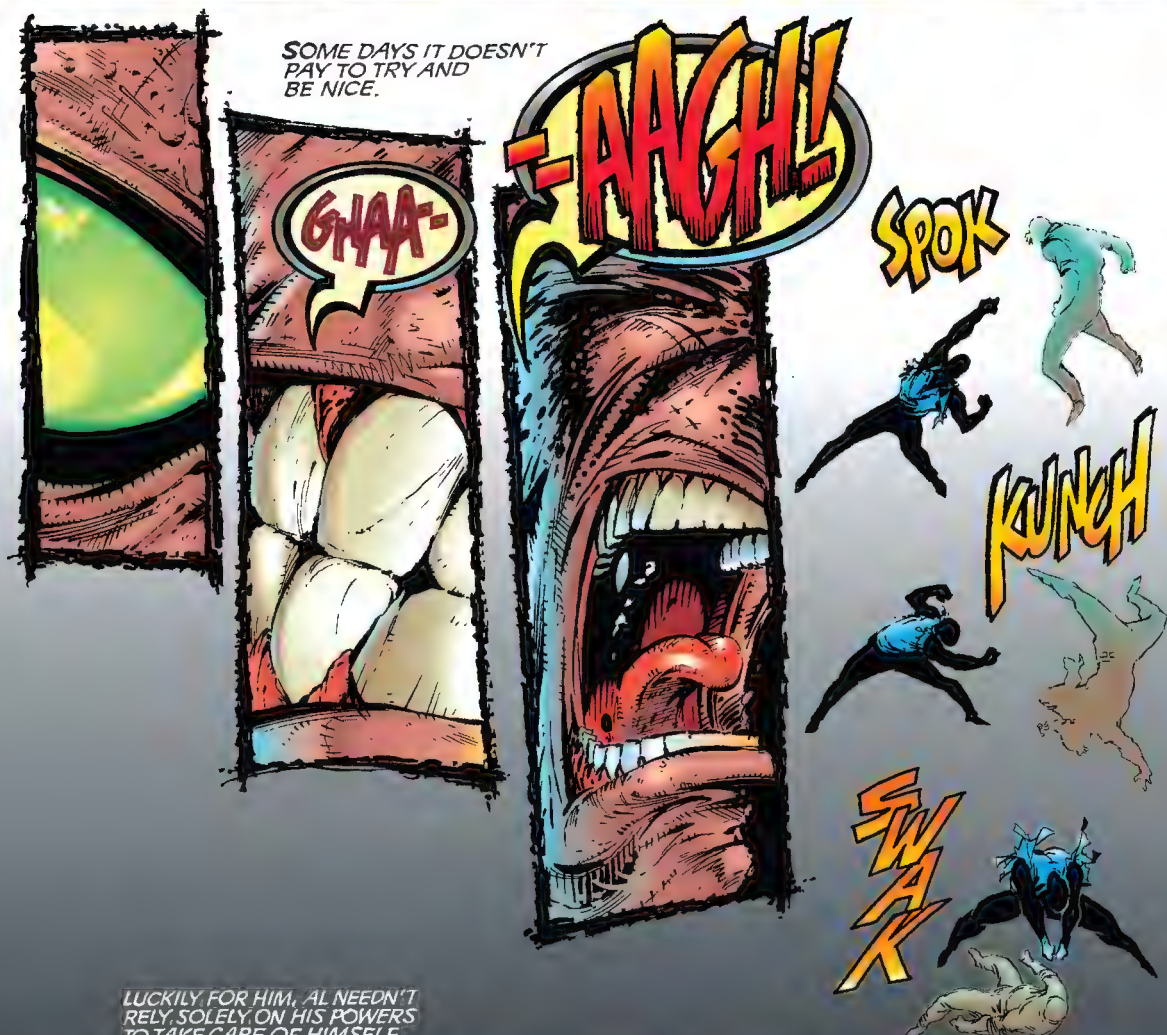
I'LL BREAK  
YOUR NOSE!

SMART  
ASS!

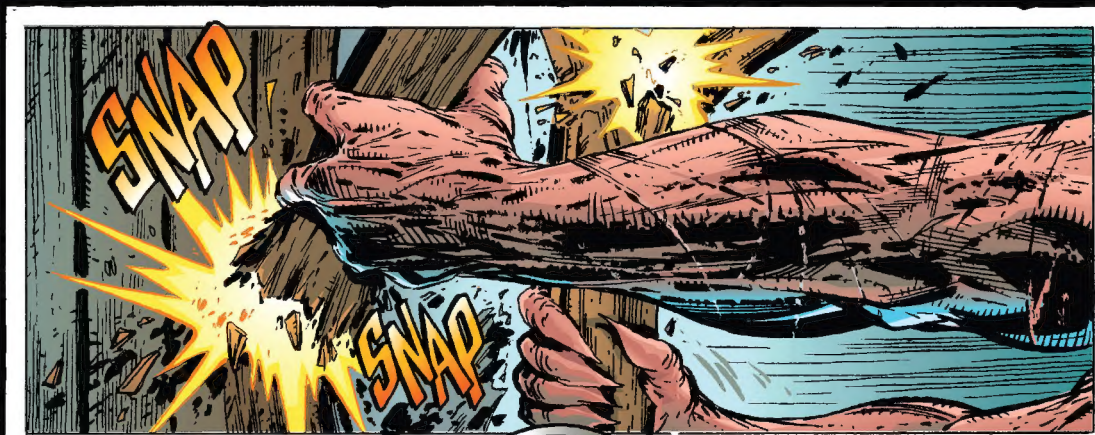
POWER USAGE  
WOULD BE  
STUPID RIGHT  
NOW.

DAMMIT...









THUNK!  
THUNK!



GET THE  
PICTURE,  
NOW?

I COULD'VE  
RAMMED THESE  
BOARDS SO FAR THROUGH  
THOSE BEADY LITTLE EYES  
THAT YOUR BRAINS  
WOULD BE OOZING  
OUT THE SOCKETS!

YA SEE, I DON'T  
LIKE BEING MUSCLED.  
ESPECIALLY WHEN I  
SAID I'D LEAVE.

NOW  
THEN.

UNLESS YOU WANT  
ME TO GET REALLY PISSED  
OFF, I SUGGEST WE  
SWITCH ROLES.


IT'S MY  
TURN TO ASK YOU  
TO LEAVE.

**PRONTO!**

Y-YES  
SIR.





A comic book illustration of the character Spawn in a city alleyway. Spawn is a large, muscular figure with a brown, textured, reptilian-like skin. He has glowing green eyes and a wide, toothy grin. He is crouching low to the ground, with his right hand reaching out towards a person's foot. The person's foot, wearing a sandal, is visible in the bottom right corner. The background shows a brick wall, a fire hydrant, and a trash can. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights and deep shadows.

GETTIN' TIRED  
OF PEOPLE CONSTANTLY  
INVADING MY  
TURF.

I JUST MIGHT  
HAVE TO SEND OUT  
A LONG, LOUD  
SIGNAL:

THIS IS  
**SPAWN**  
TERRITORY!





"WE KNOW YOU'VE BEEN **MESSING** WITH US, FITZGERALD. NO ONE LIKES A **RAT**."

"SO YOU'D BETTER BE A VERY GOOD BOY AND HOPE WE DON'T FIND NOTHING **INCRIMINATING**."

WELL, GOTTA **GO** NOW. KISS THAT BEAUTIFUL WIFE OF YOURS FOR ME. SHE SURE IS A **LOOKER**. I'VE BEEN **WATCHING** HER FOR ALMOST **THREE WEEKS** NOW. PRETTY SEXY **NIGHTGOWN** SHE'S BEEN WEARING."

YOU SONUVABITCH.

NOW NOW, TERRY. IT'S A DIRTY JOB, BUT SOMEONE'S GOT TO DO IT.

KISS THAT **BABY** OF YOURS FOR ME, TOO.

**CLICK**

IT WILL BE NEARLY TWENTY MINUTES BEFORE TERRY MOVES...

...ANOTHER FORTY BEFORE HE STOPS SWEATING.

NEXT ISSUE:

GRANT MORRISON  
GREG CAPULLO







Tyrant  
Lizard  
King

EMPIRE